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THE

HUE and CRY

AFTER

FATHER PETERS.

By the Deserted

Roman Catholicks.

O Yes! O yes! O yes! Whereas an Ill-natur'd, False-hearted, Self-minded, Insinuating *JESUIT* has lately withdrawn from the *English-Court* (God knows whither!) These are to give notice, That if any manner of Person, Man, Woman, or Child, *Christian* or *Pagan*, *Heretick* or *Recusant*, can give any Tidings of the said Father, (so that he brought back alive, to receive the just Rewards of his Covetousness and Pride) shall have a Thousand Pounds Reward. You will think a Thousand Pound a great Sum, and too great for us to perform, being now again poor, and reduc'd to our former Exigencies: But alas! 'Tis nothing in respect of the purchase. Do but catch him, you will find his Breeches well Lin'd, beyond what Nature sent him: this being hardly the hundred part of what he has unjustly Purloyn'd here. If this will not encourage you, but you have more delight in the pleasures of the Flesh, than in the Mammon of Unrighteousness, you shall have a Brace of his Cast-Misses, who now starve for want of his Weekly Charity, which he receiv'd for the supply of the Poor, but more devoutly bestow'd it that way. If this will not do, we will give you an Absolution for all the Sins you shall commit; you, and all your Posterity, for a Thousand Years to come.

But that you may not mistake, either in the Person or Character, I will describe him in his proper Colours, which are as changeable as his Allegiance.

This Father of Deceit, this greedy Miser, (contrary to the Principles of a good Christian, Lusting more after the Flesh, than after the Spirit; and yet more after the Mammon of Ungodliness, than after the Flesh) chang'd like the *Camelion*, to the prevailing Colours; and (like a Lobster stew'd in his own Sweat) turn'd, in a Moment, from Black to Red. And now, you will find the Holy Father of the *Word*, transform'd to a Bully of the *Sword*; the follower of *Jesus*, to an imitator of *Judas*, who betray'd his Lord and Master from the beginning, in the disguise of a Saint.

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Broadside

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This Impostor of his Holy Order, This Sham to his Profession, and Scandal to all *Roman Catholicks*, (a Turn-coat to his Loyalty, as well as his Function) you will find him in the Habit of a Soldier; his black Gown converted into a scarlet Cloak; his Holy Vest into an Embroider'd Coat; and his Canonick Girdle into a glittering Fring'd Scarf; his precise Band into a Damme Cravat; his old Cordebac into a Beaver and Feather; His Beads of Pearl into so many Pistols; and his Golden Crucifix into Guineys.

In this Heroick Equipage (they say) he is gone into *France*, with a Young Peer of *England* in his Company; making towards *Paris*, to see if he can make as good an Hand of it at the *Gallick* Court as in *England*.

Besides this Metamorphosis of Canonical Black, into Military Red, the Word unto a Sword, and Sable Hatt-band into a Scarlet Feather (which is now become the Helmet and Breast-Plate of the Militant Clergy,) there are other many visible and particular Marks and Tokens, like *Cain*, put upon him by an Eternal Stamp, to distinguish him from all Mankind.

He is long Visag'd, lank black Hair of his own, (but now in a Flaxen Perriwigg;) Tall and Slender, Fawning Looks, Flattering Smiles, a False Heart, deceitful Tongue, *Gorgon's* Eyes, who turns all things into senseless Stones, that behold him; and *Harpy's* Claws, that never yet let go any Prey he could get into his Talents. Very Loyal, but very Unstable; very Devout, but very Treacherous; and Covetous beyond the Roman *Domitian*. He is about the Age of Sixty; but as Wanton as at Thirty: More subject to Lust than Loyalty; and, like *Tarquin*, more subject to Lucre than either.

Would you go in Pursuit of this Prodigy of Nature, this Fomenter of all our Troubles, this Incendiary, who has kindled the Fire, and left us behind to put out the Flame; Expect not him now to find Napping in a Chair, nor with any formidable Equipage of Foot-men; neither as an Embassadour, that Enters a Town, and that for the Grandeur of his State, his Golden Chariots Guarded on every side: But rather search him in some secret Convent, amongst the Zealous *Nuns*, or amongst the Stews in *Paris*; for to his own Cloysters he dare not return.

If such an one you find Booted and Spur'd, pull of his Boots, for fear of a Cloven Foot; for the Devil (they say in *France*) wears *Jacque-Boots*, and Red Shalhoons; and they are so like in Traveling, that should you mistake one for another, we are in worse Pickle than before; not knowing which of the two has done the most Mischief: But, of the two, bring back the Father, who hath been the Author of all our Impending Troubles; that he may, by his sufferings, Attone for the Mischiefs he has done, by delivering him over a just Sacrifice to the Fury of the People, and the Roaring *Belgick Lyon*. Thus deliver him into our Hands, and we will Engage to Pay you the Reward which (by so Meritorious an Act) you have most justly deserved.

Edinburgh, Re-printed in the Year, 1691.